

Get Serious

by mew-tsubaki

Category: Haikyu/ãf•ã,ãã,-ãf¥ãf¼

Genre: Angst, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Hajime I., Toru O.

Pairings: Toru O./Hajime I.

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-09-15 20:22:14

Updated: 2014-09-15 20:22:14

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:04:12

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,950

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Oneshot, light slash. For all that Iwa-chan complains about him, Oikawa's pretty sure that Iwa-chan's the one who's being unfair.
slight language

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A Haikyuu! oneshot

by mew-tsubaki

Note: The _Haikyuu!_ characters belong to Furudate Haruichi-sensei, not to me. I have some serious Oiwa feelsâ€| :L Read, review, and enjoy!

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Oikawa's known for a long time. That's just how it is with him and Iwa-chan. Honestly, unless Oikawa decides to do something about it, it will probably stay the same way between the two of them.

He supposes he figured it out back in middle school, when Kageyama Tobio first appeared. Kageyamaâ€|_"Tobio-chan"â€|who always grated on his nerves and drove him insane because he was _younger_ and _more skilled_ and _more talented_â€|Oikawa version 2.0.

For the longest time, the only person Oikawa had ever fought with had been Iwaizumi Hajime, but then Tobio-chan had arrived, and Oikawa had never felt so insecure.

Even now, years later, in their last high school tournament together, Oikawa still can't shake that insecurity. The idea that, with the right circumstances, he can be replaced on the courtâ€| It's a

feeling he can't shake.

But it's not the only feeling.

Oikawa struggles to keep his head in the game in the practices leading up to the spring high. It's not as though Tobio-chan's at Seijou and might take his place again; he should have nothing to worry about.

His eyes often seek out Iwa-chan, and not just during practice. During the school day, heading home—"it's as though he's got to find that grumpy face to anchor himself in reality.

On one walk home, Iwa-chan calls him out on it. "Hey, stop staring at me like that."

"Hmm?"

"You've been staring at me all day for a while now." Iwaizumi glares at him. "Do you need me to set you straight?"

Maybe for anyone else, that face would be scary, but it just makes Oikawa grin. "No~ If I'm straight, then I can't have Iwa-chan~!"

Iwaizumi sighs and brushes him off. "You really should stop saying stuff like that and calling me 'Iwa-chan.' We're almost done with high school already, for crying out loud."

Oikawa doesn't respond. He knows this routine, and he's used to it. He supposes he can play along for a little while longer.

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Day one of the spring tournament, he and Iwa-chan bump into Karasuno's #10. They size him up and give him a bit of _encouragement_, because the kid's all nerves.

When #10 returns to Tobio-chan and the other crows and Ushijima leaves, it makes Oikawa smile, albeit bitterly. Iwaizumi notices.

"If you're going to get angry or annoyed, save it for the court. We need everyone fired up," the vice-captain states, and the subject is dropped.

Oikawa doesn't even get the chance to flirt with Iwa-chan, no matter how silly the shorter male thinks he is.

Iwa-chan never takes him seriously, and that's the plain truth of it all.

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Their first match is a synch, and they know they'll be playing Karasuno once again, not even thinking about their Datekou match.

"Well, in truth, they won't be the same Karasuno," Oikawa tells his teammates on the bus ride back. "They've developed skills—"everyone

has." He pauses to think. "It'll be interesting to see what they've got up their sleeves."

"Agreed," Iwaizumi says as individual conversations resume and Oikawa's left with only the company of his childhood friend.

"Huh?" Oikawa gawks at him. "Did I hear you right? You rarely agree with me."

Iwaizumi shrugs and flips through the warm-up schedule they have planned prior to their next match. "It's bound to happen. You're a sucky person, but you're a great captain."

The setter's eye twitches briefly, but, honestly, it's a compliment from Iwa-chan. "You only ever take me seriously when we're on the court or when I get pissed."

"Like I said, you're a great captain. As for the latter situation, someone has to rein you in."

Oikawa opens his mouth to retort, but he doesn't. He mulls it over and decides his words are best left for another time.

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Another time arrives before the game against Karasuno. Seijou's coach and captain have prepped the team, and the players are minutes away from walking on to the court for the game that will determine whether they'll have the chance to get back at Shiratorizawa for the Interhigh.

Oikawa places his hand on his chest—he can feel the steady, fast pace of his heart. For once, his nerves aren't made of steel, though he makes sure that the others don't see this on his face.

Granted, Iwa-chan turns his head Oikawa's way, and his eyes widen slightly in surprise. Matsukawa and the others don't notice, so Iwaizumi casually makes his way over. "Hey. What's with you?"

Oikawa wants to roll his eyes. Words that have built up over the years threaten to burst from him—but he tames them and lets a few slip from the tip of his tongue. "Iwa-chan, you really do take me seriously sometimes, huh?"

"Not this again!" The wing spiker groans. "You're so moody, idiot. Can you blame me for being wary when you're not your usual cheery self?"

Iwa-chan can be such a romantic without realizing it, Oikawa decides. He musters a smile. "Hey. what if we don't win here? What if we don't even make it to Shiratorizawa?" he queries quietly.

"Then that's that." Iwa-chan's shoulders slacken just a smidgen. "Then we're done with volleyball, being third years and all."

Oikawa waits for the mention of university after, but he's surprised when it doesn't come. How shocking. Iwa-chan, who always has an opinion about everything, who always has a retort for anything Oikawa ever says, is silent.

It makes the loss to Karasuno that much harder.

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The spring high ends. Karasuno wins over Shiratorizawa, but barely, and at the cost of their third-year setter. Seeing Sugawara limp badly off the court after slipping on sweat and crashing into one of the net poles suddenly reminds Oikawa that there's a plus to retiringâ€”no more injuries, at least until one plays again at the university-level.

The ride home after the awards ceremony is quiet, and it feels as though the players haven't seen a decent bed in ages. Oikawa wants to rush home, but Iwaizumi barks at him not to push himself, citing the strain Oikawa had put on his knees during their Karasuno match.

"Then if you won't let me rush home to sleep, keep me company and chat, Iwa-chan," Oikawa prods. That should do it. Iwa-chan can't stand to make small talk with him most of the time. Honestly, it's a wonder they've stayed friends.

Iwa-chan grimacesâ€”but he sighs and gives in. "Fine. But only if you don't get silly on me."

Oikawa smirks. "When has that ever happened?"

"Every day since I've known you. But I suppose more since middle school."

"What, my professing my undying love for you is that hard to believe?" Oikawa doesn't look at him; if he does, he knows he'll break, and he doesn't want to do that when they still have several blocks to go.

"Cut it out with that crap, man." Iwa-chan makes a disgusted sound. "Do you even hear yourself? What would you do if your fans heard you?"

Oikawa's smirk fades. "Who cares what they think?"

"And do you really think our parents find it all that funny?"

He shrugs. "Our parents got used to it long ago. I think our moms might've even started planning the wedding in secret."

"Do you really like belittling our friendship that much?"

Well, now, that's a low blow. The setter turns and faces his friend before they turn onto their street. "Do you really think that's what I do? Belittle our friendship when I tell you I love you and can't live without you?"

Iwaizumi fidgets, for once, under that hard gaze. He looks away. "You sound like a TV drama."

"Would it be easier for you if we went back to the way things were, in middle school? Before there was Tobio-chan? Before we learned I could be replaced on the court? Before I thought you might someday replace me off the court, too, should a better option come

along?"

The words hang in the air between them. They're like a volleyball poised frozen in the air, perfectly halfway above the net, waiting for the shove, that little push over the edge that will determine the point. Only this time Oikawa and Iwaizumi are on opposite sides of the court.

Oikawa sighs and shakes his head. "It's unfair, Iwa-chan. You've always run around, keeping an eye on me no matter what. Even when it inconveniences you. I'll be damned if that shouldn't get my hopes up about us." The other male's first name is on the tip of his tongue, but Oikawa doesn't use it. Using it now would be mean and wouldn't earn him any points.

Iwa-chan shuffles on his feet and resumes their pace. He says nothing, and Oikawa thinks he's done it, he's finally stuck his foot in his mouth and now Iwaizumi has left him to choke to death.

But at Oikawa's gate, Iwa-chan sighs again. He forces himself to look back at Oikawa, but stunningly disgust isn't anywhere in his features. He's just uncomfortable at worst. He opens his mouth.

Ah, here it comes, Oikawa hopes. _Please just say something like "I've always taken you seriously," Iwa-chan. Please just say that and let us go back to normal._

But Iwaizumi does him one better: "You can't be replaced." He doesn't fidget saying it, and maybe he knows how Oikawa will interpret it because Iwa-chan's face darkens (no, _reddens_) in the dim light of the porch light at Oikawa's house. Then he nods and heads off for his own house a few over.

And Oikawa stands there for a moment before his gate, feeling not even hopeful so much as _relieved_. Iwa-chan always does know the right thing to say when it comes to him.

Inside, the end of their time in high school coming weighs little in Oikawa's heart. Iwa-chan may not have said it, but Oikawa knows they've always been together and will definitely continue to be together.

Someday he'll have that chance to say "Hajime," and he knows wholeheartedly that Iwa-chan will take it seriously.

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Whelp. :o So, this fic fought me (Oikawa with his thoughts, Iwa-chan with his dialogue), but I like how it turned out. I think I learned more about them by writing them, because I bet Iwa-chan does take Oikawa seriously more than he lets on, canonically; speaking as a fan of the pairing, I do think it would be hard for Iwaizumi to rectify the part of Oikawa that loves him, though, with the terrible performer and flirt we often see. But I like it when Oikawa gets serious on the court, and I think Iwa-chan deffo at least admires that. And, ah, childhood friends becoming loversâ€¦ X3 They've just always got to be together, don't ya think? ;D Anywho, this is only my 2**nd**_**HQ!**_** fic, so I look forward to working with them more in the future! And please forgive any dates confusion, because the timeline has confused me recently (only read up to ch121 at the time

of this fic's publication), so yeah. Also, it was random for me to injure Suga-senpai, sorryâ€¦ I lurve him; dunno why I felt the need to injure him. Maybe I should write about that in another fic? Daisuga, prolly. Hmmâ€¦ Also, annoying keep typing "Oiwa" and wanting to write "Iowa" instead? XD**

Anyway, thanks for reading, and please review! And look forward to more **_HQ!**_** fics from me!**

~mew-tsubaki :D

End
file.